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EARLY CALIFORNIA;

31448

A DRAMA,
IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

WILLIAM BAUSMAN.

Period, 1855.

SAN FRANCISCO:
1872.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We have to congratulate Mr. Bausman upon the success of his drama of "Early California." It was produced to one of the largest and most intelligent audiences ever seen in a San Francisco theater, and received with a degree of favor flattering to the author. It was put on the stage in very good style. Much of the scenery is effective. * * * * * As a picture of California life in the early days, it is generally accurate. We know of no one, not even Bret Harte, who has more faithfully depicted the wild life of the mining camp, than Mr. Bausman. The scene of the examination on the accusation for murder, and that of the lynching, were admirably well done. Indeed the third and fourth acts—altogether the best in the play—have been worked up with scrupulous art and conscientious fidelity to life. The piece, as before remarked, ranks high as a literary production. There are passages of great power and beauty—for instance, the apostrophe to the Pen, in the opening scene; touches of genuine humor and flashes of wit. The dialogues are generally lively and sometimes brilliant.—*San Francisco Bulletin*, Feb. 15, 1872.

Mr. Bausman's maiden drama, in five acts, entitled "Early California," which was played at this theater last night for the first time, possesses decided literary and dramatic merit. Following so quickly on the unusually meritorious drama of the *Red Pocket Book*, any production, whether domestic or foreign, must undergo the crucial test of severe comparison on the same stage. The fact, therefore, that Mr. Bausman's play was witnessed on its first representation by a crowded audience who repeatedly expressed their satisfaction in loud applause, is the best evidence that can be furnished of its excellence. * * * At the close of the performance Mr. Bausman, being loudly called for, addressed the audience from the front of the dress circle, thanking all present for the flattering reception they had given to his maiden dramatic effort, and expressing a hope that at some future time he might produce something more deserving of their approval.—*Alta*, Feb. 15.

Mr. Bausman's new play, entitled "Early California," was produced last evening at the Metropolitan, to such an audience as the most brilliant opera night could never excel. It was an audience capable of fair and judicious criticism—whose dictum, favorable or otherwise, an author would be bound to respect. But the decision was such a one as Mr. Bausman, we feel sure, will not only respect but honor. It was decidedly favorable. "Early California," is really a tale of early California. It is well written and arranged, and has that much literary merit about it, that though there are no railroad accidents, scalping soirees or violent explosions, save in the denouement, the interest is well preserved and led up to the *finale* from the very first scene. It is also singularly devoid of that namby-pamby stuff which most playwrights are wont to put into the mouths of their young lady and gentlemen characters. There are also some original ideas expressed in the bright and rapid dialogue, which have the true ring of manhood about them. But the play is, throughout, one of the most original performances we have ever had presented. * * * * * "Early California" is assuredly a success, and we are glad of it, not only for its author's sake, but because we wish to see one play, of home manufacture, of which we can be justly proud.—*Examiner*, Feb. 15.

Quite a number of plays have been written and represented in this city, purporting to delineate California life, but so far as the characters and incidents of most of them are concerned, their scenes might nearly as well have been laid in almost any other country, the only peculiarities to render them consistent with what they were announced to be, consisting of a few local allusions and the scenery with which they were illustrated. The new drama of "Early California," however, from the pen of Mr. Bausman, produced at the theater last evening, is essentially of a different character from the class alluded to, and is deserving of special praise, in many respects, as being not only a literary production of more than ordinary merit, but a dramatic story with the scenes, incidents and personages essentially Californian, it being evident that the author is fully conversant with what he describes, and is capable of depicting the elegant and refined, as well as the coarser elements of the manners and peculiarities of the people of the pioneer days in the Golden State. The author has shown his taste and versatility, in addition to his correct knowledge and appreciation of his subject, by a number of thoughtful and elegant passages, intermingled here and there with the necessarily ordinary dialogue that enters into the construction of his play, and he has in a remarkable degree avoided the prosy verbiage with which the efforts of novices are usually encumbered. The language is generally suited to the characters to which it is attributed, and contains nothing, even in the occasional slang unavoidable, that appeals disagreeably to the taste and interest of a refined audience.—*Morning Call*, Feb. 15.

At the Metropolitan we have to chronicle a real success, all the more pleasing that the piece is written by a pretty good boy, Billy Bausman, "one of ourselves." There are individual scenes in early California worthy of the hand of a practiced dramatist, and the plot is quite up to the average. Whatever faults it may have, it is a true picture of life on this coast in the good old times, while several of the characters are individually excellent. The Court in the bar-room is, of itself, a capital scene. The piece has been well mounted, and Mr. Bert deserves the success he has earned, and deserved for the production of a home-made novelty.—*News Letter*, Feb. 17.

"Early California," the local play written by Mr. Bausman, which has run successfully for the past week against all attractions elsewhere, and even a little bad weather thrown in, will be given at the "matinee" to-day and in the evening, and then will, probably, be withdrawn, though the management might wisely keep it on for a few nights longer and be sure of continued patronage. The play has the merit of depicting scenes that have actually occurred in California, in many a mining camp, and are readily recognized by "Early Californians;" even at this day they have their counterparts in other new mining countries on the coast. "Early California" has brought into notice a rich lead to be worked by dramatists, and is suggestive of some startling sensations.—*Alla*, Feb. 22.

"Early California" has proved a winning card, drawing the largest houses of the season, and continues to pan out handsomely. It is on the bills for this evening, and will be run a few nights longer. But those who want to see it—and every old Californian ought to see it, as well as those who know of the early days only by tradition, ought to witness the graphic picture of the flush times portrayed by one who has been there and can faithfully reproduce the most startling drama in real life of this era—should not fail to secure seats early.—*Post*, Feb. 19.

Mr. Bausman's local drama, entitled "Early California," has had an almost unprecedented run, having kept its place on the Metropolitan boards fourteen consecutive representations—always drawing full houses when the weather would admit. This is encouraging to the author and creditable to home talent, which can produce a drama that contains merit and receives the applause of the most discriminating audiences in the world. "Early California" is infinitely superior to most of the trashy sensational plays that have been brought to this city from the East, and will be more popular abroad than at home, on account of its faithful portraiture of pioneer California history. May it prove a fortune to its author.—*Examiner*, Feb. 24.

For two weeks "Early California" has held the boards at this house to a good paying business, showing that, notwithstanding the circumstances under which it was produced, the drama possessed sufficient intrinsic merit to gain a strong hold on the public. All honor to Mr. Bausman for his contribution to our local dramatic literature.—*Chronicle, Feb. 24.*

Bausman's play, "Early California," held the boards at the Metropolitan for ten nights. Considering the limited theater-going population of this city, this is a grand success—the more noteworthy, when it is remembered that the Metropolitan, being closed so long, has grown somewhat out of fashion, and that Wheatleigh, always a great favorite on this coast, was playing at the California. A run of ten nights is in fact equivalent to a run of two hundred in New York. We rejoice at this success, not merely because it has been won by one of the most deserving and hard working gentlemen of the editorial profession, but because it shows that California audiences can appreciate a good play by a California author. "Early California" ought to be brought out in the East; it would take there. In the meantime we congratulate Mr. Bausman.—*Post, Feb. 27.*

Mr. Proctor has undoubtedly made another hit with Bausman's play of "Early California." Last evening it was introduced to an excellent house, and the audience was enthusiastic in its expressions of commendation. The play of itself possesses considerable merit. One of the virtues of the play is that the dialogues are crisp and lively, and the scenes short. It contains many natural situations, and is quite a correct picture of old times in California.—*California Record, March 7.*

Bausman's "Early California" is still running, and already achieved the greatest success of the season at this house.—*Post, Feb. 22.*

Mr. Bausman's local drama of "Early California," has had an almost unprecedented run, having kept its place on the Metropolitan boards for fourteen consecutive representations, always drawing full houses when the weather would admit.—*Post, Feb. 28.*

Mr. Bausman's meritorious local sensational drama continues to draw at this house. Its clever dialogue, sharp pictures of mining scenes and incidents, well-marked characters—"Missouri Bill," "Tim O'Donnell" and "Uncle Charley," in particular—drew amused audiences nightly.—*Bulletin, Feb. 21.*

Mr. Bausman's local drama of "Early California" has met with a very decided success at the hands of the public. Produced before a large and critical audience, it has held the boards for thirteen nights, and could have been continued if other engagements had permitted. * * * * * The literary merits of the play began to appear when the actors became familiar with the author's language. The many sensational scenes were well played.—*Golden Era, Feb. 26.*

A large and fashionable audience was in attendance at this house last night, on which occasion Bausman's new play, entitled "Early California," was produced for the first time in this city. The piece was placed on the stage in a superior manner, and for a first performance was creditable alike to author, performers, artists and machinists. * * * * * "Early California" is a good play, superior to the *Red Pocket Book*, and is deserving of a long and successful run.—*Sacramento Reporter, March 7.*

The new play, by Bausman, was produced last night by Proctor. The name suggests that the play would be, as it is, sensational; and the plot is sufficient to introduce representations of the most exciting scenes in early California life. The long run it had at San Francisco, and the very full house which witnessed its advent here and which will, doubtless, be often repeated, attest its success.—*Sacramento Bee, March 7.*

"Early California" proves to be a great success, and improves on acquaintance. There was another large and fashionable audience present last night,

and the piece went off splendidly. The beautiful scenery of the drama was the subject of much commendation, particularly that portion of the fourth act delineating the mining operations of former days. Everybody should see "Early California."—*Sacramento Reporter*, March 8.

"Early California" at each successive representation increases in attractiveness. An immense house witnessed it last night and again this afternoon. To-night is the last announced representation, but there are so many still anxious to see it or see it over again, that the management may be compelled to reproduce it next week.—*Sacramento Bee*, March 9.

The drama of "Early California," on its production last evening, was much better performed than on Wednesday night, and was received with great favor by the audience. There is much in it that appeals to the sympathies and recollections of the California public, and therefore it will continue to draw good houses for many nights. The attendance last night was very large.—*Sacramento Union*, March 8.

The attendance at this house, Saturday afternoon and evening, was large and fashionable. The play of "Early California" seems to have taken the people by storm, and certainly is a praiseworthy production, reflecting the highest credit on manager Proctor, for the very liberal manner in which he has placed it on the stage. It will be performed for the last time this (Sunday) evening, and all those who have not seen it should attend.—*Sacramento Reporter*, March 10.

Manager Proctor has made Bausman's drama of "Early California" a grand success at the Metropolitan. The house is crowded every evening. It is put upon the stage with taste and liberality, while the cast of characters is excellent, and the parts well sustained.—*Sacramento Free Press*, March 9.

At the Metropolitan, "Early California" has proved a winning card, and has filled the house nightly since it was produced. It is highly sensational, and many of the characters drawn to the life.—*S. F. Cor. Virginia Enterprise*, Feb. 16,

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Drama of **EARLY CALIFORNIA** was produced at the Metropolitan Theater, San Francisco, under the management of **MR. E. G. BERT**, on the night of the 14th February, 1872. and had a run of sixteen successive representations. Following was the cast of characters :

ERRANT.....	MR. JAMES M. HARDIE.
MISSOURI BILL.....	MR. JOHN WOODARD.
COATES.....	MR. PIERPONT THAYER.
MANUEL GARCIA.....	MR. HARRY COLTON.
UNCLE CHARLEY.....	MR. J. H. VINSON.
MR. MILTON.....	MR. J. H. McCABE.
JEFF.....	MISS MAGGIE MOORE.
TRIPPLETOPPER.....	MR. WILLIE SIMMS.
DR. AMHERST.....	MR. R. BELMOUR.
TIM O'DONNELL.....	MR. T. E. JACKSON.
MIKE.....	MR. E. KELLY.
PRESTON.....	MR. J. CROWELL.
MR. JONES.....	MR. L. HAVEN.
STEVE RIPPLES.....	MR. GEO. HINCKLEY.
BUCKLETONGUE.....	MR. ORVILLE WILSON.
MATE OF THE STEAMER.....	MR. J. WALTERS.
CARLOTTA.....	MISS HENRIETTA OSBORNE.
MRS. GRUBBS.....	MRS. FRANK RAE.
MAGGIE.....	MISS ADA DEAVES.



EARLY CALIFORNIA.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST—*An Editor's office, well furnished, with carpet.*

ERRANT. (*Discovered at editorial desk.*) Another contribution to the greedy maw of public expectation. (*Advances to footlights, and holds up pen.*) Ah, thou little implement, how much of undeserved reputation hast thou blazoned! How many noble thoughts depicted! How many philosophical reflections embodied. The tomes of history are thy biography! Without thee tradition perishes. The troubadors who despised thee are extinct, and their improvised sonnets forgotten. With thy aid, the epics and heroics of the dead poets still survive to crown their names with immortality! "The pen," saith the dramatist, "is mightier than the sword;" and the dramatist has said truly. It is the architect of mind that molds its language into form, and frescoes it with the word-limning of the scholar. It rescues, preserves, transmits and fixes its subject like the granite base, for the building of a structure of fame. It stimulates the prosperity of States, and secures the triumph of diplomacy. Heroes depend upon it for their ovations. To literature it is the galleon, with flowing sails—freighted with intellectual treasures. The down-hearted take courage from the fearlessness of its strictures, and tyrants tremble at its power. This is thy eulogy, my companion, and my friend. Plucked though thou be from an ignoble wing, the Damacus steel can make no deeper or surer incision. The sword has no such panegyric. The phrase, "It destroys," is at once its history and its epitaph—and for the record of even this brief sentence, it is indebted to thee. Yes, thou art much greater than the sword; and so let the thesis and the antithesis of thy measurement go together. (*A rap at door.*) Come in. No need of ceremony here.

MR. MILTON. Is this the editorial office?

ERRANT. It is. Be seated. Can I serve you?

MR. MILTON. My business is with the editor. You are not, I perceive, that gentleman.

ERRANT. No, the editor will be absent to a late hour of the night.

MR. MILTON. And how long will his duties then continue?

ERRANT. Bless you, sir; ask, rather, when will they end. The quarry-slave has moments of recreation; the factory operative a time to retire from his loom; the cart-horse is relieved of his har-

ness at night-fall; but the newspaper-man has no respite. His duties are arduous and never-ending.

MR. MILTON. In an affair of business I suppose you could represent Mr. Quod?

ERRANT. Yes, if it is not strictly personal.

MR. MILTON. You are connected with the office, then? How may I class you?

ERRANT. I am a city reporter.

MR. MILTON. And what is the line of your duties?

ERRANT. That phrase is too conventional. A reporter has no line. Like the comet, he is eccentric. His orbit is all across the intellectual sky, and he has a brilliancy entirely his own. His independence is so well assured, that he regards neither Papal bull nor Imperial rescript. He is, in a sense, ubiquitous—"here, there, everywhere"—to-day taking notes of a suit at law; to-morrow writing letters from the capital—next day gathering information in the mines—always employed, sketching, gleaning and amplifying.

MR. MILTON. And the editor?

ERRANT. He is the throttle-valve to the machine, that regulates its pressure of steam; a mere constructor of dreamy vaporings, called "leaders," which nobody cares for, and but few read. He is used by the politicians as a ladder, to climb into office, and when they are done with him, they kick him over, in gratitude for his favors. But your business, sir? Now to attend to that.

MR. MILTON. Here, sir, is a small box, containing deeds and other valuable papers. I am something of a stranger in the city, but well acquainted with Mr. Quod. Into his hands I knew I could entrust it for safe keeping. My business has been interrupted by a note received only an hour ago, which summons me immediately back to the mountains. I expected my wife and daughter to arrive on the steamer, but they have not come. I must leave on the afternoon boat, and there is no time left to seek a different place of deposit for the box if I desired to. I will trouble you, if you please, to take charge of it in the absence of Mr. Quod. Say to him that I expect to return to the city in a short time, and will then relieve him of its care.

ERRANT. Rely upon my fidelity, and rest assured your confidence shall not be betrayed. Come with me—it is but a step—and see where the box is bestowed.

SCENE SECOND.—*A street—(Enter Dr. Amherst and Tim O'Donnell.)*

DR. AMHERST. I tell you, I've nothing for you to do unless you can play.

TIM. Play, is it? Be jabbers that's just to my hand, when the hand's a good 'un. When I was in practice, divil a one of thim could bate me, from Slippery Mike to the ould man that tossed the coppers at Kerry.

DR. AMHERST. But, my good man, the parts in a theatre are not performed with cards. They are dramatic.

TIM. The mattock, or the shovel, aither. It's all the same, as I'm aiqually good at both.

DR. AMHERST. You don't seem to understand. Have you ever been on the stage?

TIM. Av coorse I have; inside and on the boot. Be gorra, for the matter o' that, I've worn the livery, too, wid a cape and brass buttons on my coat.

DR. AMHERST. No, no; not that. Have you ever done anything in a theatre?

TIM. To be sure; I helped to bate the carpets.

DR. AMHERST. Call at the box-office and ask for employment. Maybe you can get occupation as a supe.

TIM. Divil take your soups. I can buy my own bread and per-taters.

DR. AMHERST. There's no use parleying farther. You will not suit.

TIM. How do you know that, until you try me?

DR. AMHERST. You must excuse me now. I see a friend coming with whom I have a little business. Good day.

TIM. Good day to yez. (*Aside.*) Yer a gintleman, onyhow—in yer own conceait, but I've seed yer betters. Good day to yez. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Mr. Milton.*)

DR. AMHERST. Ah, Mr. Milton, I'm glad to meet you again. I want more explicit instructions about the mansion. It is to be suitable for your wife and daughter?—the house to be purchased in the name of the latter, and well furnished throughout?

MR. MILTON. That is my wish. The sum I gave you—is it sufficient?

DR. AMHERST. More than necessary. There will be a balance; what shall I do with it?

MR. MILTON. Bank it to my credit, or keep it till we meet again. But come; I am on my way to the Sacramento boat, and have no time to spare. We can speak of this matter as we pass along. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Coates and Garcia.*)

COATES. You are certain he received the note?

GARCIA. Positive. Mike delivered it into his own hand.

COATES. How did he receive the news?

GARCIA. With some surprise, and a certain amount of agitation. "A piece of villainy," said he, "and I must attend to the affair at once." This language, you must know, referred not to the author of the note, but the news it communicated.

COATES. (*Looking at his watch.*) It is now after three o'clock. At four the old man will be on his way to Sacramento. To-morrow, at daylight, the coach will leave for Shasta. Next night, if he is

fortunate in his connections, he will be at the bar. He had no suspicion, then, that the letter was a forgery?

GARCIA. Not the slightest, but swallowed the bait as if it had been sugar-coated.

COATES. Now for a departure. It is necessary we should be at the bar as soon as he—before, if possible.

GARCIA. Why so much hurry? We're having a jolly time, and the purse will hold out a week longer.

COATES. And what then?

GARCIA. We've been in tighter places, and always managed to pull through.

COATES. Garcia, I fear you have no heart in this affair.

GARCIA. Why should I have? It's nothing that concerns me.

COATES. True. I had not thought of that. With you it is the adventure of a chevalier—with me, a motive of revenge. Had you been insulted, rejected, spurned, as I have been, it might be different. It was hard to crush out the yearnings of a loving heart—to stifle an honorable ambition that gilded my sky of future promise. Look ye, Garcia, it has not been said to you, in this case, as to me—"The convicted forger shall never mingle his blood with the current that flows in offspring of mine!" They were bitter words, Garcia, bitter words, and did much towards making me the outcast I am.

GARCIA. How did the old man hear of your mishap? You told me it occurred somewhere out West.

COATES. Can crime flatter itself with the hope of concealment? There were observing eyes upon me, and tattling tongues, to publish the story of my disgrace. I might have reformed and become a good citizen, if the world had not hunted me down. Now I live only for revenge. The highest ambition I cherish is, to get even.

GARCIA. It is to be simply a case of robbery, eh? No violence, or bloodshed, or anything of that sort?

COATES. Enterprises of the kind must be conducted according to the circumstances that surround them. I want his money first, and his daughter next. Do you understand? The surest will be the best method to obtain both.

GARCIA. Well, our destinies are blended, and we will follow them out together.

COATES. Remember, the affair is one that demands coolness and resolution.

GARCIA. Perform your part as well as I shall mine, and there will be no cause for recrimination. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Grubbs and Maggie, meeting Mike.*)

MRS. GRUBBS. Can you tell us, sir, is it far to the mines?

MIKE. I might, if I knew where you wanted to go. What mines, good woman?

MRS. GRUBBS. Oh, to be sure. I 'spose there is more than one of them.

MIKE. I should think so.

MRS. GRUBBS. Where is it we are to go, Maggie?

MAGGIE. To Texas Bar, he said.

MRS. GRUBBS. Yes, to Texas Bar. Do you know where that is?

MIKE. I could tell you better if I heard the county.

MAGGIE. Here, Aunt, is the paper. It reads, "Texas Bar, Trinity County." We must inquire for Missouri Bill, who keeps a trading post there.

MRS. GRUBBS. I remember now. That's the direction. A young man calling himself Jeff., who said he was clerk at the post, engaged us. He took a fancy to my niece here, and told her she could make her fortune in the mines. You see, she has been brought up on the boards, as they call it, and can dance, and sing, and do chores. I am to wash and attend to the cooking.

MIKE. Have you any money?

MRS. GRUBBS. A little. We've never lacked for that, since we've been in California.

MIKE. The boat will leave in a few minutes, and you'll be left if you don't ride. My hack's at the corner. I rather like the looks of the gal myself, and I'll take you both down to the wharf for six dollars. So, hurry up, if you're going.

MRS. GRUBBS. We must be there certain, Maggie, to make them 'rangements. Here's the money, sir. O, dear; O, dear! (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Tim O'Donnell.*)

TIM. That last chap that I met at Martin & Horton's is a purty speciment of human nathur. A Mohamedown, I think they tould me he was, who wears a red cap and worships the murtherin' imposther. He carries pies and things on a boord before him, and clanks a couple of sthicks together, bawling out, "Cakes! cakes!" And divil the more Inglish than that does he know. Howly St. Pathrick! if an Irishman is to be schandalized by associating wid such scum, it's a penance he'll have to do to get the odor from his garments. But it's a fra counthry, cushla, and there's no tellin' but I'll come to cake-sellin' one of tham days meself. Mrs. O'Donnell would niver object to thot, for she has a swate tooth in her head; and thot's where the difficulty might be; for be my sowl! she would ait up all the profits.

(*Enter Mike.*)

MIKE. Good day to you, Pat.

TIM. Pat and be d—d to you, ye spalpeen.

MIKE. No offence. Dennis will do as well.

TIM. Nor Dennis, aither. If ye would be civil to a gintleman, ye may call me Tim.

MIKE. A very good name.

TIM. Ye may well say thot. Me forefaders honored it in the wearin' of it, and it came down to me by the right of family dis-cint.

MIKE. How else shall I call you?

TIM. O'Donnell—Tim O'Donnell, from the County Clare; by occupation master of my profession.

MIKE. And what is that?

TIM. You'll niver find out till ye employ me.

MIKE. You reside in the city, I suppose?

TIM. Don't be too hasty in your suppositions, for the question's a difficult one to answer.

MIKE. How long have you been in the State?

TIM. Bedad, not long; and it's work I must be afther doin' if I live in it much longer.

MIKE. Of course you're a Democrat? Your countrymen all vote with our party, you know.

TIM. And is it a profitable business thot they foind it?

MIKE. It may be made so.

TIM. Go on; for I'm interested in yer conversation.

MIKE. You must be made a citizen at once. An election takes place before long, and we shall want your vote.

TIM. Oh, ye will, eh?

MIKE. There's a card containing directions where you can find me. I have a job of work waiting for you.

TIM. And is it honest work ye mane?

MIKE. Entirely honest, and good pay, at that. (*Exit.*)

TIM. Be me sowl, now, but that's the mon I've been lookin' for. Hoop! Tim yer in luck! Work, and honest work, and good pay! That's what it is to be in a fra counthry, where whisky is plenty, and lots of goold to buy it with, and they call it Californy! (*Exit.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Missouri Bill's trading post—Miners seated round a table—Steve standing in front of Bar—A song and jig.*

MISSOURI BILL. How's the diggiins' a-payin', boys?

STEVE. I've struck it rich, Bill.

BILL. Thar, now; I told yer that a'ar blue streak war'ent put into the gravel for nothin'.

STEVE. Three ounces to the pan.

BILL. Lord! Why, that a'ar almost comes up to Mr. Milton's claim. But whar's the dust?

STEVE. (*Going to the door.*) Jeff, bring in the pan.

BILL. Sich luck as that'll set yer up, shu', Steve. Yer needn't ax Fortin' for nothin' better.

(*Jeff enters with pan, and exhibits gold to audience.*)

STEVE. Almost good enough to stand treat on. Eh, Bill?

BILL. Wa'al, I keeps lickers, and thar for sale. Jeff got back to-day with the train, and he's brought up the best that 'Frisco could afford. Come boys; yer all wanted. (*Miners advance to bar and drink.*)

STEVE. I say, Jeff, did you see Mr. Milton at the Bay?

BILL. I've heern that Mr. Milton a'ar returned a-ready.

STEVE. Why, he expected to be gone a couple of weeks. Did his family come on the steamer?

BILL. 'Pears thar wa'ar some failure in thar a-gettin' of the news.

STEVE. It's curious he should be back so soon, when no one expected him. But he's a man that's always welcome among men, and I'll be right glad to see him.

BILL. And I too. He's allers straightfor'ard and squar; ready at any time to help a nabor, and not a bit of ugliness in him.

STEVE. What say you, boys, to a friendly game of draw for the liquors?

ALL. Yes, a game.

STEVE. Shall we deal you a hand, Bill?

BILL. No. Since Mr. Milton a'ar back, I hev some bisness to attend to with him.

STEVE. Very well. Jeff, hand us a deck of cards.

(*Enter Mr. Milton.*)

BILL. Bless me, ef thar a'rnt Mr. Milton now. Ra'al glad to see yer, Mr. Milton. Why, yer back sooner nor we expected ye'd be. (*Miners flock round and shake hands with Mr. Milton, Jeff included.*)

MR. MILTON. (*Glancing furtively around.*) Yes, much sooner than I expected myself. A note containing certain information of an unnecessarily alarming character, was placed in my hand at San Francisco, summoning me to return to the mountains at once. But as I was disappointed in not finding my family on the steamer, it is just as well. I am brought all the sooner into companionship with my good friends. Gentlemen (*turning to miners at table*) I am not much of a drinker, as you know, but on this occasion, I should be happy to have you join me in a glass.

ALL. Certainly, Mr. Milton. (*advancing to bar.*)

BILL. I'll wait on yer, Mr. Milton, myself. Here's ra'al good Sherry. (*All drink.*) 'Tend to yer game, boys, I hev somethin' to say to Mr. Milton. (*Draws Milton to front.*) I wa'ar a comin' over to see yer, Mr. Milton. I hev bin to 'siderable 'spence lately, layin' in stores, buyin' a pack-train and buildin' a 'dition to the post, and I thought ef yer had it to spa'ar for three months, or sich a matter, that I'd ask yer for the loan of six thousand dollars.

MR. MILTON. My old friend, the favor you ask shall willingly be granted. And in return, I have a secret to confide to you, which I would entrust to but few men but yourself. You are aware that my claim has paid enormously of late. A considerable portion of the money has been invested, and a part is in good hands for further outlay; but there is still a large balance left. This, as you may suspect, I have buried. It is to you, and you alone, that I wish to point out the place of its concealment. Then, if any accident should occur to me, you can restore it to my family.

BILL. Lord, Mr. Milton! Who'd a-think of injurin' you?

MR. MILTON. It's hard to tell, Bill. The world is full of bad people. And to confess the truth, the signs of danger have been frequent of late.

BILL. Sho! A'ar that so?

MR. MILTON. (*Close to Bill's ear, and glancing around.*) Too true, my friend. Listen. A letter was handed me in San Francisco, informing me that my claim had been jumped, and that if I did not return immediately, it would be lost to me. This, I found, on reaching the Bar, was a base fabrication. But there was some motive for the falsehood. Besides, other events have recently transpired to cause me despondency. However, let that pass. Your business remains, and we will go at once and attend to it.

BILL. But the 'scurity, Mr. Milton; the 'scurity.

MR. MILTON. Never mind that. Your honor shall stand in lieu of writings. I would trust you for a much larger sum on your mere word.

BILL. (*Dashing a tear from his eye.*) Now, that's what I call partik'lar manly. (*Exeunt.*)

STEVE. Boys, the game's getting dull. Jeff, let's have some liquor.

(*Enter Uncle Charley and Trippletopper.*)

UNCLE CHARLEY. At it again, eh?

STEVE. Only a game for the drinks, Uncle Charley. Won't you take a hand?

UNCLE CHARLEY. Now, that'd look well, wouldn't it, in a magistrate of only two weeks' standin'? 'Twouldn't do. Besides, it's late, and I'm on the way to the cabin. How's it bin with you in the diggins' to-day, boys? Lucky?

STEVE. Nothing to complain of but a scarcity of water. What'll you take, Uncle Charley?

UNCLE CHARLEY. Bourbon straight. Don't git up; I'll drink at the bar. Here's to ye, lads; and may ye sleep sounder nor I will ter-night, for the 'skeeters is awful on the creek.

STEVE. (*Pointing to Trippletopper.*) That's the new-comer of a pettifogger. He has his nose in everybody's business.

TRIPPLETOPPER. (*Advancing to card table.*) A pleasant game, I hope, gentlemen. Fine recreation after the labors of the day. Harmless—entirely harmless. The weary miner requires diversion and a liquid stimulus before retiring to rest. Innocent sport, when money is plenty, to decide who shall bear the expense. A mere contest of friendship, in which the loser is but little out, and achieves all the honor.

STEVE. (*Aside.*) Now he's fishing for a drink. (*To Trippletopper.*) I say, Mr. Lawyer, do you ever imbibe?

TRIPPLETOPPER. On my word! Ah! I see your drift. You would 'pose me. Capital! I thank you. Mind, no less than

muscle wears. Both are rejuvenated by a social glass. (*Advances to bar.*)

JEFF. I guess not. This bar gives no credit.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Do not misunderstand me, young man. I made no demand. Your liquors are an abomination, and death lingers in the cup. (*Aside.*) No chance for a drink here. (*Aloud.*) Good night, gentlemen; a very good night. (*Aside.*) The last chance is a pull at Uncle Charley's flask. (*Aloud.*) A very good night. I say—a very good night.

UNCLE CHARLEY. (*Taking Trippletopper's arm.*) Come along Tripplecoffers; I've bin awaitin' on ye. (*Exeunt Uncle Charley and Trippletopper.*)

(*Enter Coates and Garcia.*)

COATES. (*To Garcia.*) Let me do the talking, and there'll be no conflict of stories. Gentlemen, we are strangers in these parts, on our way to Scott Mountain. We are without blankets, and would like to have a night's lodging.

STEVE. Jeff, here's a little business for you to attend to.

JEFF. I suppose we can accommodate you in some way; but you must take it as it comes. The floor's the best we can do for you.

COATES. That will do. Any port in a storm, you know. Gentlemen, will you take something?

STEVE. For myself, no. (*Aside.*) There's a look about that fellow I don't like. (*Aloud.*) We've had enough; or, if we want more, there's money in the pot to pay for it. Come, boys, let's go home.

ALL. Good night, Jeff. (*Exeunt miners.*)

JEFF. Good night, boys.

COATES. These miners are very particular, and not over-scrupulous about giving offence. But never mind. My friend here and I, will test the quality of your liquors.

JEFF. (*Going to door.*) Joe, bring in the blankets.

COATES. Are you the proprietor here?

(*Enter Joe with blankets, and exit.*)

JEFF. No. Missouri Bill runs this institution.

COATES. And where is he now?

JEFF. He went off a while ago with Mr. Milton, but he'll be back directly. (*Coates and Garcia exchange glances.*)

COATES. Then we'll wait for him.

JEFF. You needn't. When there's strangers here, me and him sleeps on the hay in the corral.

COATES. I'm glad of that, for my friend is troubled with nervous spells, and sometimes walks the floor at nights. It would be no disturbance, I hope?

JEFF. Not to us in the corral. We're used to worse noises nor that. Here's yer "shake-down," and I'm off to my roost. (*Exit.*)



COATES. (*Looking out of door, slightly opened.*) He disappears. Everything works to a charm. (*Another look.*) All quiet. No one stirring. Now to the object in hand.

GARCIA. (*Who has drank several times from bottle, and robbed the pan.*) I suppose you know the way?

COATES. Perfectly; but we must avoid the trail. The coast is clear. Quick; let us be off. A curse on the liquor. It burns in my brain like a coal of fire. (*A distant cry heard without. Tableau, Coates and Garcia crouching.*)

SCENE FOURTH—*In the mines.—Enter Uncle Charley and Trippletopper.*

TRIPPLETOPPER. My dear sir, you are wrong. This is *lex terrae*. The King may no more violate it than his humblest subject.

UNCLE CHARLEY. Now, see here, Tripplecoffers—

TRIPPLETOPPER. Trippletopper, if you please.

UNCLE CHARLEY. Well, Tripplecoppers; thar's no use argerin' agin justice. The law makes rogues of honest men, and perfects scoundrels. Give a murderer or a thief money, and he kin go through its sophistrees as easily as through a spider's web; but without friends which can be bought, the law falls on and crushes him. Don't talk to me about law. I despise it; and I say that law, in a gineral way, is a gineral humbug; and bein' a Justice of the Peace, I orter to know.

TRIPPLETOPPER. I'm astounded, your honor. You a magistrate, and use language like that.

UNCLE CHARLEY. I hold thar should be right a-tween man and man; and any law that says to the contrary, is agin the Constitution and Declaration of Independence. Let no one dare to arger to the contrary afore my Court, or I'll commit him for contempt, and take pleasure in a-doin' of it.

TRIPPLETOPPER. From the days of King John, when Magna Charta—

UNCLE CHARLEY. Now, Tripplecoffers; them's words that a'ar a-hard for me to understand, and I want you to cut 'em short. We're a-come to whar our roads divide; and I'll jest say to yer, afore partin', that ef you practice afore me, thar must be more strikin' and less blowin'. I'll not entertain yer tecknikalities. Yer must come direct to the pint, and ef yer 'tempt to prove an innocent man guilty, I'll send yer to jail for malice aforethought. Ef I don't, may I be ——. (*Exit.*)

TRIPPLETOPPER. Oh! oh! He was about to say d—n. Shades of Blackstone, Story and Kent!—Venerable wearers of the ermine and gown! The comely structure of jurisprudence is overthrown! Dogberries have usurped thy temples, and the Daniels of legal lore must now seek for occupation among the brutes! (*Exit.*)

(Enter Jeff and Maggie.)

MAGGIE. Don't let us go any further, Jeff; I'm afraid in this lonely region.

JEFF. Of what, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I don't know; Indians, or grizzlies, or robbers.

JEFF. No danger, Maggie. The country, though new, is too old for that. And then, ain't your Jeff by your side?

MAGGIE. Well, if you think there's no danger, all right. I love the moonlight, and to hear the rippling waters in the river. And that reminds me, Jeff—you promised to sing for me if I walked.

JEFF. So I will, Maggie; and dance too, if you like; for I'm in excellent spirits. What will you have?

MAGGIE. The serenading song I admire so much.

JEFF. Very well; here goes.

Open the Door to Me.

Open the door, love; open to me;
A zephyr of perfumes comes in from the sea;
I've kisses and vows for thee, ample in store.
Open the door to me—open the door.

Open the door to me—dim in the west,
'Mid a cluster of stars, is the moon's fading crest;
No longer in anger, the wave beats the shore—
Open the door to me—open the door.

Open the door to me; fondly I wait,
Like a bird that laments to be joined by its mate;
The sorrow of parting shall pain us no more—
Open the door to me—open the door.

ENCORE SONG.

Three Thousand Miles Away.

I left my home in '49,
For California bound;
When cash was low and ships were slow
That came the horn around;
When ox-teams toiled the plains across
And made the journey gay-a-a.
And I found the land with the golden strand,
Three thousand miles away.

CHORUS: The iron horse is waiting,
He's snorting on the track;
He paws the ground with a clicking sound,
To bear me safely ba-a-ck.
I leave in the morning train, to see my love again;
It is not far, in a Pullman car—
Three thousand miles away.

The coach it is too slow;
That kind of thing's played out;
Hill Beach's line can't come to time,
And the pony's put to rout.

O, for the jolly ra-a-a-il
 Now everywhere in play,
 In a week it 'll bear me to my love,
 Three thousand miles away.

CHORUS: The iron horse is waiting, etc.

O, I have "made the rifle"
 My pocket's full of "rocks;"
 I've beat the Bears in mining shares
 And come off with their stocks.
 No use to write a letter
 To my sweetheart to-da-a-ay,
 The telegraph will make her laugh,
 Three thousand miles away.

CHORUS: The iron horse is waiting, etc.

SCENE FIVE.—*Interior of Mr. Milton's cabin. Missouri Bill discovered passing out of the door.*

BILL. Mr. Milton, I shall never forget this favor.

MR. MILTON. Say no more about it Bill. Shall I walk with you on the trail?

BILL. No, I see a couple of nabors out thar, a-goin' my way. I'll soon kotch up with 'em. Good night, Mr. Milton, good night. Ho, thar! (*Exit.*)

MR. MILTON. (*Barring cabin door.*) I am by no means superstitious, but an unaccountable sadness overcomes me, as if some calamity impended. There were stealthy footsteps around the cabin to-night; and when I started for the post, something like a shadow glided across the trail, and disappeared among the pines. But these are idle fantasies, and I will dismiss them. There is care enough in the realities of life, without borrowing trouble. (*A rap at the door.*) This is a late and unusual hour for visitors. (*Another rap.*) Ah! it is Bill, come back to insist on the security. Who knocks?

COATES. (*Without.*) Benighted strangers, but friends, who ask a night's shelter.

MR. MILTON. (*Unbarring the door.*) The act may be imprudent, but never be it said I was deaf to an appeal for hospitality. Come in.

— (*Enter Coates and Garcia.*)

COATES. Sorry to disturb you; but the air is raw, and we are thinly clad. We dared not trust ourselves to the ground without blankets.

MR. MILTON. You are welcome, gentlemen, to such humble accommodations as I have to offer. Will you be helped to food?

COATES. Thank you, no. We dined heartily. You seem to be alone; and to my thinking, an isolated residence of the kind is neither desirable nor pleasant in a wild region like this.

MR. MILTON. I have excellent neighbors, and a few books, with which I manage to amuse myself in my leisure hours.

COATES. Have you been here long?

MR. MILTON. In the county for several years.

COATES. From what State do you hail?

MR. MILTON. From Missouri, last.

COATES. And what part?

MR. MILTON. The somewhat famous Pike county.

COATES. I came from that section of country myself.

MR. MILTON. And you are called?

COATES. Rodolph Coates. (*Mr. Milton starts.*) The name does not seem to sound agreeably to you.

MR. MILTON. To tell the truth, you are not just the person I should choose as a companion for the night; or, for that matter, on any occasion. But you are now an inmate of my cabin, and its privileges shall be sacred to you.

COATES. You misjudged and wronged me deeply in that affair about your daughter.

MR. MILTON. Mr. Coates, that is a matter we will not now discuss. It is a subject that must prove disagreeable to us both.

COATES. But I would like to come to an understanding now.

MR. MILTON. There can be no understanding. I have never regretted the circumstance to which you allude. If the scene were to be re-enacted, I would perform the same part I did then. Let us dismiss the subject. In the adjoining room is a bed. Occupy it with your friend. It is accorded to you freely.

COATES. It is neither your bed nor the shelter of your roof I came to share, but to demand the hand of your daughter. This time I am prepared to enforce a favorable answer.

MR. MILTON. How, sir! Insulting language, and a threat!

COATES. Aye, both; and your severe looks can neither deter me, nor change my resolve.

MR. MILTON. Quit my cabin on the instant!

GARCIA. That's the word, is it? You're a joker—you are. (*Shaking his finger under Milton's nose.*)

MR. MILTON. And you leave, also, without forcing me to the trouble of putting you out.

GARCIA. If that's your cue, let the strongest man be the winner. (*A grapple. Garcia stabs Milton in the breast. Coates stabs him from behind.*)

MR. MILTON. (*Falls.*) My presentiments are fulfilled. But it is too—late—to—avoid—the—danger. (*Dies. Garcia robs body of papers and gold watch.*)

COATES. (*Advancing to table.*) What's this? An unfinished letter to Carlotta. The thing of all others I most wanted. And now, let's away. (*Distant noise from without.*) What noise was that! (*Tableau. Coates and Garcia crouch with drawn pistols pointed through open door. Curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—(*A street.*)

DR. AMHERST. Are you sure, my man, that you are telling me the truth?

TIM. Faix, and I tell it to you, as it was towld to me, and if it's a fiction, as they call it, you've got it as chape as I did—and it didn't cost much.

DR. AMHERST. He said that the Eastern house of Page, Bacon & Co. had failed?

TIM. A felley who boarded the steamer at Meiggs' wharf to bring off the mail, whispered it as a secret to Pat Magoffin, whose hair stood on *end*, for his sister has a deposit of a hundred dollars there, and he swore like the divil, for it was a power of money to lose, do ye moind!

DR. AMHERST. A hundred dollars! Why, I have ten thousand there; besides a sum not my own!

TIM. Ten thousand! Howly Moses! you must own the bank!

DR. AMHERST. (*Looking at his watch.*) Let me see; it will be nearly an hour before the steamer reaches her dock; this will give me time to reach the bank; but not a moment is to be lost.

TIM. I beg your pardon, sir; I was at your theatre, and enquired for the man ye towld me of, but he was dafe, and I've come back to you again for instructions.

DR. AMHERST. You must excuse me now; the affair of the money is too important to be neglected. I'll see you some other time.

TIM. Bedad, it would suit me betther to have an answer now.

DR. AMHERST. Impossible; the minutes are too precious, and must be improved, or I am a ruined man.

TIM. It wouldn't take long to wait 'till your hurry's over. Spake to the boss for me. Tell him the situation must be aisy, and little work to perform. Now, can't you do that for a gintleman that's hard up?

DR. AMHERST. Oh! to the plague with you! It is sheer nonsense to parley with you longer. (*Exit.*)

TIM. What the divil's the matter with the spalpeen? It's a respectable occupation that I have—walking about the streets with me hands in me pockets; and I'm gettin' out at the knase. If I was a Chinaman now, I could take in washin'; or a Digger Indian, I might grub for roots; but, on me sowl, it's mighty uncomfortable for a fra man in a fra counthry to be hungry, with restiyarants all around; and I'm divilish thirsty too. Bedad, that's a disease not so hard to cure. I'll go down and sthand in front of Barry & Patten's, and some of the boys will be sure to invite me to drink. (*Exit.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of a banking house. Cashier discovered at a counter,—Enter*

DR. AMHERST. Good afternoon, Mr. Jones. This is an intrusion. I am aware of it; but great emergencies excuse the lack of ceremony. This, to me, is such an occasion. There is an exigency in my theatrical affairs that requires the immediate withdrawal of my deposits. You need not remind me that it is after banking hours. I know it. I do not come to make a demand, but to ask a great favor.

MR. JONES. Doctor, you have a seductive manner. Your speech is positively diplomatic. Why don't you apply for a situation in one of the legations?

DR. AMHERST. Ah, really; you are complimentary; but dispatch, my dear sir, is now of the utmost importance.

MR. JONES. Is the occasion really so momentous, Doctor?

DR. AMHERST. No event in my life has been more so.

MR. JONES. Heaven forbid that I should precipitate the catastrophe! (*Unlocking safe and producing two full bags of unequal sizes.*) The tags are right, and the seals unbroken. However, if you desire it, we will spend a half hour in counting the money.

DR. AMHERST. No; no. It is needless, and would consume too much time. (*Seizes bags and is retiring. Enter boy in haste, who whispers in Jones' ear.*)

JONES. What do you say! Our Eastern house failed?

DR. AMHERST. Yes; and thank Fortune, I am secured!

(*A crowd rush in; Tim of the number.*)

ALL. Our deposits! or down with the Bank!

TIM. And here's Pat McGoffin for his sister's money, too! (*Scene closes.*)

SCENE THIRD.—(*A Street.*)

COATES. This note, ostensibly from her father, is ingeniously forged. In this disguise she cannot possibly recognize me. She will go where the note directs her, not doubting that her father wrote it. Then she will be completely in my power. Since the stain of blood is on my hands, what further crime need I scruple to commit? I was respected once; but let that pass. Fate may now do her worst. The stake for which I play is worthy a great effort. If I fail, it only remains to curse mankind and die.

MIKE. (*To Coates.*) The steamer is in the offing, working slowly in. Are you sure she is aboard?

COATES. There is little doubt of it. I have sent to have her brought off in a Whitehall boat, and shall be near to receive her. Be on hand. Watch my movements, and be ready to act.

MIKE. And she is to be driven to the house you mentioned?

COATES. Direct. See to it, that no mawkish sympathy leads you to betray yourself.

MIKE. Have no fear. The business is not new to me. It's you that had better be on your guard. (*Exit Coates*).

Enter

TIM. (*Carrying a trunk.*) If a feather will break the back of a camel, a burthen like this ought to crush a mon intirely.

MIKE. Hallo, Tim! What have you there?

TIM. Ye may well ask thot. They tould me it was a trunk, but said niver a word of what was in it. I was afther a job, and faix I've sthruck one to me sorrow. It's to go down to the warf, and I'm to be paid for it when it gets there.

MIKE. You're in luck to-day, Tim.

TIM. And ye think so? Maybe ye would like to share thot part of the business wid me.

MIKE. Is the trunk heavy?

TIM. Heft it for yerself. Be the powers! I'm afther thinking it's filled wid lead.

MIKE. How much are you to get for carrying it?

TIM. The matter o' four bits.

MIKE. Four bits! Why it's worth two dollars, at least.

TIM. Och, then, be me sowl I've been swindled.

MIKE. If you ll bring the trunk to the corner you may put it on my hack. I'm going down to the wharf, and you can get up with me on the box.

TIM. And how much will it cost for the ride?

MIKE. It sha'nt cost you a cent.

TIM. That's reasonable, and I'm wid ye in a jiffy. And bedad, when I drive my own coach I'll return the compliment. (*Staggers while shouldering trunk.*) Bad luck to the load. It grows heavier after restin'.

MIKE. I'll lend you a hand. Well, it is weighty. There must be a cooking stove in it.

TIM. Worse than thot, be jabers! I think it contains a whole foundry. (*Exeunt Mike and Tim.*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A wharf.*—(*Enter*)

COATES. The Whitehall approaches with my prize. Villainy thou art a science! Who says the wicked shall not prosper? What gospel of ethics shall circumvent crime? Let the pious read lectures; the Divines preach conformity to law. There is a subtlety in rascally invention that reaches higher—a device of infamy that baffles discovery.

MIKE. The small boat with its passenger draws nigh.

COATES. So much the better. Have your hack in readiness.

MIKE. It will answer to the call.

COATES. She comes, and the hour of my revenge draws near. The rejected forger may yet find himself an accepted suitor, Pride

itself may be humbled by the ghost of penury, and the coldest heart desire a protector in order to escape it. That I shall win and wear her, are the foregone conclusions of an assured belief. (*To Tim.*) Do you want a job?

TIM. To be wanting is in my loine. Let the carcumstances be agreeable, and ye may take yes for my answer.

COATES. Then remain here, and when the baggage from the steamer is landed, take charge of so much of it as is marked "Carlotta Milton." Be diligent. Hand the luggage over to Mike, and here are a couple of dollars for your trouble. (*Retires up.*)

TIM. Two dollars! Och, bedad, that makes up for the dollar and a half I lost on carrying the trunk wid the cooking stove in it. (*Carlotta is landed from Whitehall boat. Coates approaches her.*)

COATES. Miss Milton, I presume?

CARLOTTA. That is my name.

COATES. I was requested to hand you this note.

CARLOTTA. (*Reading note.*) It is from my dear father. He excuses his absence, and tells me to place myself under the protection of the proprietor of the Oriental Hotel. Are you the gentleman?

COATES. The same. Unfortunately, at the present time the house is closed for repairs. But you can trust yourself to this worthy fellow, (*pointing to Mike*) who will see you handsomely bestowed.

CARLOTTA. Thanks, sir. And is my dear father well?

COATES. In excellent health. Your disappointment in not meeting him, will be shared by him. An urgent affair of business accounts for his absence. But the separation will be brief; and in the meantime you shall be well taken care of.

CARLOTTA. Again, I thank you.

COATES. Here, Mike, conduct this lady to your carriage, and take her to her rooms. I will tarry, Miss Milton, until the steamer hauls in, and look after your baggage.

MIKE. This way, Miss. (*Exeunt Mike and Carlotta.*)

COATES. Ah, my beauty! You are mine already, without the wooing. Ere another day has passed, I shall have plucked the flower whose fragrance invites to a banquet of bliss. (*Exit.*)

TIM. (*Coming down.*) Now, what the divil was it the gintleman towld me I was to do for these two dollars? I was to wait for somebody or something that was to come off the steamer. A lady, I think. Yes; it was a lady. And her name! Bad luck to me! It was Car—Car—Cara—something. I have it—Caroline. That's it; Caroline. And the other name was—was—was—be me sowl, what was it? Mull—Mull—Milligan—Mulligan. Caroline Mulligan. Whoop, for a good mimory. I'm to wait for, and take care of Caroline Mulligan; and where's onyone else that could do it loik me!

(*Landing of steamer.*)

FIRST RUNNER. Oriental.

SECOND " Wilson's Exchange.

THIRD " Rasette House.

FOURTH " Niantic.

FIFTH " International.

MATE. Be quick, men. Make fast the line. Out with the plank! There now; steady! Let go!

(*Passengers land—Tim seizing each woman that comes ashore, rushes her to the footlights, and scans her features. Gets hold of an old Irish woman, who proves a Tartar. A battle between them. Curtain falls.*)

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST. A Parlor. Enter

CARLOTTA. It is eleven o'clock. The night has passed wearily. I have waited patiently and watched. Every footstep on the stair fills me with expectation. Though sent for, he comes not. Why this delay? He is the only one who can give me information of my father. And this house! What can it be? It has strange occupants. Oh, my dear father! how my heart yearns to meet him. Will he know me? I was but a school girl when he left home. And *he* must be changed. The frosts of sixty-five years have silvered his locks. Still, he has a young heart and buoyant nature. He was ever cheerful, and kind, and generous. Could he have heard of mother's death? There is a joyousness about his note (*reperusing note*) that tells me no. It will devolve upon me to break it to him. Sad, sad duty! It will break his heart! Heaven nerve me to the task! (*Enter Coates.*) Ah, sir, it was cruel in you to delay so long! I have much to say to you—many questions to ask. As to this house, who and what are its inmates? Do they claim respectability?

COATES. Why think otherwise?

CARLOTTA. Their behavior is strange and rude.

COATES. California is a frontier country, and its society must of course be more or less mixed.

CARLOTTA. The people have been differently represented to me. But, concerning my dear father—when will he come? Did he leave no message for me?

COATES. Yes—no—that is to say—the note will explain all.

CARLOTTA. The note refers me to you, sir; and you stammer and hesitate. There is an ill-concealed embarrassment in your manner. I demand a straightforward answer.

COATES. (*Aside.*) By Heaven! the old passion comes over me, and I cannot restrain myself. (*Aloud, throwing off his disguise.*) Do you not know me, Carlotta?

CARLOTTA. Who are you, sir?

COATES. Ah, I had forgotten. It is seven years since we last met. Then I threw myself at your feet, as I do now, to implore your hand. If I am changed, oh, it is your coldness that has been the cause.

CARLOTTA. (*Starting back with surprise.*) You, Rodolph Coates You! And why this deception?

COATES. O, pardon my indiscretion! Love, Carlotta—a blinding, infatuated passion, has led me to risk everything to gain you.

CARLOTTA. Rise, sir, and leave me! This is the acting of a part. Baseness is in your heart, and falsehood on your tongue.

COATES. You are unkind, lady—cruel in your speech. Hear me. I swear to you, that in the long years of our separation, I have hoped and lived but to see you again. Forgive and forget the past. United, the future will be to us full of happiness and promise.

CARLOTTA. Begone, villain! Love wears no disguise. It is all purity and ingenuousness. Yours is the garb of hypocrisy, with treachery in its design. If I rejected you at a time when I had no esteem for you, now I despise and spurn you.

COATES. So proud and yet so dependant!

CARLOTTA. No, not dependant. I have my honor still to sustain me.

COATES. Think again. You do not mean this. You cannot be so unkind, Carlotta. If I have been rash, and done wrong, oh, forgive me. Passion has blinded me to every rule of propriety. I have indulged only the wild dream of possessing you. (*Approaches to take her hand.*)

CARLOTTA. Stand off! There is defilement in your touch! Where is my father? Why have I been thus betrayed? And again I ask of this house. What is its reputation, since one so base as you can be its master?

COATES. Since you are so scornful, I leave you to guess its character.

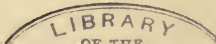
CARLOTTA. O, heaven! My conjectures have not been amiss. Help! Help!

COATES. Your appeal will find no friendly answer here. You are caged, my beauty, and mine you *shall* be, despite the opposition of the Fates!

CARLOTTA. (*Fleeing.*) Help! Help! (*Exit, pursued by Coates.*)

Enter

ERRANT. (*Looking around.*) The region is dank with the taint of proscription, and the items gathered here are polluting to newspaper erudition. They disfigure the columns of the morning daily. Notwithstanding, the region is prolific, and the reporter may not always select the field of his explorations, nor hesitate to enter where duty calls. I heard a scream, or my ears deceived me. It came from this quarter; and yet, the house seems silent and deserted. I shall depart hence. As my entrance was unheralded, so shall my



exit be, and unobserved. Let me steal away, "like the Arab who folds his tent," etc., etc. The proverb is too musty for repetition. (*A sharp scream from within.*) Ah; I was not mistaken! Yo, ho! Away with the note book now! Courage is the word; and it may be, muscle for a deadly encounter!

CARLOTTA. (*Rushing in, pursued by Coates.*) Oh, save me, sir; save me!

ERRANT. It is the cry of the kid against the wolf. Hold off! (*To Coates.*) When a woman claims protection, cowards only hesitate to inquire the cause.

CARLOTTA. O, do not mistake me, sir. I am no part of this house. Treachery beguiled me hither, and villainy seeks my undoing.

ERRANT. Begone, sir! The avenging Nemesis confronts you.

COATES. You are valiant in the presence of an unarmed man. I forbear, but do not relinquish. We shall soon meet again. (*Exit.*)

ERRANT. For your sake, I hope not, as I do not like to perform professional duty at the foot of the gallows.

CARLOTTA. O, sir; how shall I thank you for this timely interference?

ERRANT. Madame, it needs no thanks. A good action has its own reward. That exclamation "I am no part of this house," was the eloquence of innocence itself. To have deserted you then, would have been a reproach to my manhood. But we must quit this house on the instant. It is no place for you.

CARLOTTA. This has been a monstrous outrage upon an unprotected girl.

ERRANT. I thoroughly comprehend the situation. But we must go. Will you trust yourself to my protection?

CARLOTTA. Fearlessly, sir. (*Is leading her off, when*)

Re-enter

COATES. (*Disguised as at first.*) One moment, you—who act the role of a hero. By what right do you seek to deprive me of my wife?

CARLOTTA. O, horrible! Wife of his! Believe it not! He is nothing to me—a villain that seeks my ruin—whom I despise and abhor. Do not forsake me, or I am lost.

ERRANT. The right that I propose to exercise is founded upon the highest principle of justice—to defend an innocent girl against the machinations of a human monster; and this I will do at the hazard of my life.

COATES. Then let force decide the victory. (*A clinch and struggle. Errant throws Coates off, who draws a knife. Errant retreats to side of Carlotta, and draws a pistol.*)

ERRANT. Ah, ho! Come on! Come on! (*Tableau, and fall of curtain.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*Outside of Trading Post. A bar with liquors. Jeff and Maggie discovered.*

JEFF. Maggie, Bill's 'rested for the murder. That's what comes of hevin' a sneakin' pettifogger 'round. There never was no use for a Justice, neither, till that chap made his 'pearance. I'll wring his neck off one of these days.

MAGGIE. I wish you would, the old sinner. Just think, Jeff, the dance 'll have to be put off, after the company has all been invited. It's too bad, so it is.

JEFF. Well, it can't be helped. But the worst of it is, that infernal lawyer has 'spenied me as a witness agin Bill. Uncle Charley says he shall have a fair show, howsomdever. The trial is to be held here, and some of 'em are comin' now.

Enter Uncle Charley, Trippletopper and miners.

UNCLE CHARLEY. (*Taking his seat.*) This ha'ar Court are now 'sembled. Tripplecoffers, are you ready for the case?

TRIPPLETOPPER. Trippletopper, if your honor please. The People, or what is the same thing—the State, is ready.

UNCLE CHARLEY. A'ar yer witnesses ha'ar, and sworn?

TRIPPLETOPPER. They are, your honor.

UNCLE CHARLEY. Then bring in the prisoner, and perceed with the trial. (*Exit Constable for Bill, and brings him in.*) What do yer propose to prove?

TRIPPLETOPPER. May it please the Court, and you, gentlemen of the ju— beg pardon; there is no jury in a mere case of examination. We expect to show, that on the night of the 17th of June, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, the prisoner at the bar left the post—the very room in which the Court is now assembled—in company with Mr. Milton. Between the hours of eleven and twelve—or to be more exact—about ten minutes before twelve, he overtook a couple of men on the trail leading up to the post, out of breath from running, and had in his hand a buckskin purse, filled with gold dust. The witnesses and the prisoner soon after separated at a fork of the trail—the prisoner going towards the post. Other important testimony will be adduced in corroboration. I will not tire the patience of the Court in referring to it, but proceed at once with the case. Will Mr. Stephen Ripples stand forth? (*Steve takes the stand.*) Mr. Ripples, you were at the post to a late hour on the night of the murder, I believe?

STEVE. I was.

TRIPPLETOPPER. And you saw Mr. Milton there?

STEVE. I did.

TRIPPLETOPPER. The prisoner conversed with Mr. Milton, did he not, while you and your friends were engaged in a social game of cards?

STEVE. Yes.

TRIPPLETOPPER. About what hour of the night was that, Mr. Ripples?

STEVE. Couldn't say. It might have been earlier, or it might have been later.

TRIPPLETOPPER. A vague answer. You may stand aside. (*Steve retires.*) Ah, one other question, Mr. Ripples. That was in the county of Trinity and State of California, was it not?

UNCLE CHARLEY. Now, looke here, Tripplecoffers; the witness needn't answer no fool question like that!

TRIPPLETOPPER. But, may it please the Court—

UNCLE CHARLEY. But it don't please the Court to hear no sich nonsense. Call yer next witness.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Mr. Buckletongue. (*Buckletongue takes the stand.*) Where were you on the night of the 17th of June—say at ten minutes to ten o'clock?

BUCKLETONGUE. On the trail with Fred, going to the cabin.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Were you overtaken by anyone before you reached the forks?

BUCKLETONGUE. We were.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Please state to the Court who that person was.

BUCKLETONGUE. Missouri Bill.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Very well. Was his manner excited?

BUCKLETONGUE. He came up on a run, and was breathing close.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Did he have anything in his hand?

BUCKLETONGUE. Yes; a bag of dust.

TRIPPLETOPPER. What kind of dust?

BUCKLETONGUE. Gold dust.

UNCLE CHARLEY. Who told you it was gold dust?

BUCKLETONGUE. No one. I know'd it.

UNCLE CHARLEY. And how did you know it?

BUCKLETONGUE. Bekase.

UNCLE CHARLEY. You stand aside. Sich testimony as that won't be allowed.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Your honor! A ruling like that is *reductio ad absurdum*.

UNCLE CHARLEY. *Reducter ad humbug 'em!* I don't want ter hear none of yer Greek. This is a Court of Justice—not of law.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Greek, your honor. The authorities—

UNCLE CHARLEY. Hang the authorities. Fotch up yer next witness.

TRIPPLETOPPER. The boy known as Jeff. (*Jeff takes the stand.*) Your honor, this is our most important witness, and I would ask the Court to be particularly observant of his answers. (*To Jeff.*) You are clerk, or business man at the post, are you not?

JEFF. Well, I sort o' 'ficiate there.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Where were you on the night of Mr. Milton's murder?

JEFF. I was here.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Where did you sleep?

JEFF. On the hay in the corral.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Who slept there with you?

JEFF. Missouri Bill.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Anybody else?

JEFF. No.

TRIPPLETOPPER. At what hour did the prisoner retire?

JEFF. Well, it was late.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Where had he been?

UNCLE CHARLEY. Yer needn't answer that. How on airth wa'ar he to know whar Bill had been, when he wa'an't thar?

TRIPPLETOPPER. Correct, your honor. Did he have anything with him when he retired?

JEFF. Yes.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Well; tell the Court what it was.

JEFF. A suckin' calf what he had fotched from its mother. (*A laugh.*)

TRIPPLETOPPER. (*Confused.*) What else?

JEFF. A rope to tie it with. (*A laugh.*)

TRIPPLETOPPER. I mean, in plain language, did he have a bag in his hand?

JEFF. Yes.

TRIPPLETOPPER. And what did it contain?

JEFF. Nothin'. (*A laugh.*)

TRIPPLETOPPER. Nothing?

JEFF. Nothin'.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Now, Jeff, I will ask you what kind of a sack it was?

JEFF. An empty flour sack. (*A laugh.*)

TRIPPLETOPPER. Did he have anything else?

JEFF. Yes.

TRIPPLETOPPER. What?

JEFF. A buckskin purse, filled with gold dust.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Ah, the witness is brightening up. We're getting at the facts at last. A bag of gold dust! And where did he get it? Can you answer that?

JEFF. Yes.

UNCLE CHARLEY. But he needn't. How was the boy to know where he got the dust?

JEFF. I can answer it.

TRIPPLETOPPER. If the Court please?

UNCLE CHARLEY. Go on.

JEFF. He borrowed it from Mr. Milton.

TRIPPLETOPPER. How do you know he borrowed it? I would'nt like to swear to that.

JEFF. Because Bill told me so, and I'd rather believe his word for your oath, any time. (*A laugh.*)

TRIPPLETOPPER. The case is made out. You may stand aside. By permission of your honor—

UNCLE CHARLEY. I want no argerin'! Yer could'nt make me believe Bill guilty ef yer spoke till doomsday. 'Pearances, I'll admit, are agin him, but the presumption a'ar in his favor till he's proved guilty.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Certainly, your honor. But we ask a decision on the question of commitment.

UNCLE CHARLEY. (*Approaching prisoner.*) Bill, the Court a'ar not convinced yer had any hand in this ar murder; but the law says yer must be held; and—

Enter

ERRANT. Will the honorable Court pardon this intrusion; for I am informed this *is* a Court. I imagine I am just in time to enlighten it. An adventure occurred to me only a few minutes ago, that may in some manner relate to the case under examination. This is an arrest for murder, I am told?

UNCLE CHARLEY. Yes; but who a'ar yer, and whar did yer come from?

ERRANT. My personality is blended with my vocation. Both have something to do with current events, which I am here to chronicle in brief and in the abstract. I am a wing'd Mercury of the press. In this case, call me the Avenger—should my story—as I think it will—fix the brand of infamy where it properly belongs.

UNCLE CHARLEY. This a'ar gettin' interestin'. What more hev yer to say? Go on.

ERRANT. What is the nature of the proof against the prisoner?

TRIPPLETOPPER. Conclusive, sir. Conclusive.

UNCLE CHARLEY. See here, Tripplecoffers! That a'ar false. The 'zamination as yet hev bin all on one side. 'Tother a'ar to come yet.

ERRANT. When was the deed committed?

TRIPPLETOPPER. Four nights ago. And a dastardly affair it was, too.

ERRANT. That makes the two events sufficiently coincident to warrant a logical deduction. Will a couple of gentlemen step outside and bring in a hang-dog looking villain they will find tied with a lariat to a tree? (*Exeunt Jeff and Steve, who return in a moment with Garcia, his right arm in a sling.*)

JEFF. (*Pointing to Garcia.*) That's one of the chaps that slept at the post the night of the murder.

ERRANT. And what was his appearance in the morning?

JEFF. Him and his covey dusted before mornin' come.

ERRANT. Ah, ha! The evidence accumulates against him.

UNCLE CHARLEY. Well, mister; what next?

ERRANT. Your honor, I am from Shasta. It was my good fortune to ride a horse, and my misfortune to meet this villain on the trail, who was a-foot. He sought to reverse our positions by placing a pistol to my head and ordering me to dismount. Before I could obey, the scoundrel's impatience got the better of him, and he fired. Luckily I leaned over the horse's neck at the instant, and his bullet went wide of its mark. It was then man to man, with the victory in abeyance. Steadiness of nerve gave me the advantage. I drew before the fellow could recover from his surprise, and winged him as you see. His revolver dropped from his powerless hand, and I captured him as an offering to the violated law. It would be well, I think, for the Court to inquire into his antecedent history.

UNCLE CHARLEY. Let the villain be sarched.

(Jeff and Steve produce from Garcia's person letters addressed to Mr. Milton, and Mr. Milton's gold watch.)

STEVE. Here are letters to Mr. Milton's address.

JEFF. And here is Mr. Milton's gold watch.

MINERS. Hang him! Hang him! *(They seize Garcia and bear him off, led by Steve.)*

UNCLE CHARLEY, *(Advancing to Bill.)* Bill, my old friend, this a'ar mighty fortunate. I knowed it'd come out all right in the eend. Young man, *(To Errant.)* I thank yer in the name of Missourier Bill and the Commonwealth. Court a'ar 'journed and the prisoner discharged. Jeff, hand out yer lickers.

SCENE SECOND—*Enter*

TIM O'DONNELL. Me bad fortune has brought me to the diggins', as they call 'em. Be me sowl, I expected to pick up the goold in chunks, and instead, there's nothin' but tailin's. *(Pulling at the skirt of a torn coat.)* They spoke of their gravel claims, and bedad the gravel has a claim on me, for the sowls of me boots are in holes. And thin I was advised to go into a dam operation, but I'm dommed if I found any comfort in thot. It was a coffer-dam, built in the river I was to work on, and I've had a cough ever since I undertook it. "Och," said they, "go down to the bed-rock." and it's a rock that's been me bed for a two-week. I was to follow the flume down to the flats, and hev been goin' up a flume since I started on the journey. "Ye'll get plenty of dust," they said, and me brogans show that I've got it. Now, I know what I'll do in my extremity. Bedad, Hillo! Here comes a feller runnin' like a scar't hare. What the divil's the matter wid ye?

Enter

TRIPPLETOPPER. The mob is out in its wild fury. It surges this way. I am a sworn counsellor of the law, and must resist it at

all hazards. Can I rely upon you? Tell me, sir, are you a law and order man?

TIM. No; I am an Irishman.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Are you a defender of mobocracy?

TIM. I go in for the Dimocracy.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Do you hear the human fiends who are thirsting for blood?

TIM. He would be dafe who could say to the contrary. What is it now, that alarms ye?

TRIPPLETOPPER. They have seized a man and will hang him. But I will oppose them. The rabble have no judgment, and are always wrong. To me, alone, and with undaunted resolution, shall belong the task of dispersing them before they have glutted their vengeance.

TIM. Go aisy, now, or yer own neck will be in danger. What can ye do agin them chaps, who are judge, jury, witnesses, and coroner, wid their verdict made up! Out wid ye, and avoid thim.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Never! I stand as the representative of justice, and defender of the law. I will speak to them. There is a terror in the countenance of legal majesty that must awe them into obedience and respect. Leave me if your courage be not of the Spartan order. I am Leonidas, against the Greeks. This trail is my Thermopylæ—this tree my rock. Here I place myself and exclaim,

The frenzy of the mob shall meet a stopper
In the unaided arm of Trippletopper.

TIM. Ye will do well to take my advice, Mr. Lawyer, and go home to yer bed. A little slape will add a great deal to yer discretion.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Stand back! They approach! Give me room to beard them!

TIM. Jest as ye plase; but I'm afeard the divils will lather ye, before they submit to the operation.

(Enter Mob with Garcia, Steve having him in his grip.)

TRIPPLETOPPER. Hold! ye violators of the law! What would ye do? Disperse, I command you! The heavens cry out against this proceeding, and morality forbids it! What! Would ye take a fellow-being's life without trial? Monstrous! Be gone, or the statutes shall be invoked against you! I command the public peace!

STEVE. And I command you to hold your tongue, if you don't want to swing with him. *(Trippletopper takes refuge behind Tim.)*

TIM. I tould ye to be sparín' of yer gab, and ye'd better be afther lookin' out for yer own safety.

TRIPPLETOPPER. Gentlemen, this must not go on. I am a sworn officer of the law, and I forbid it.

STEVE. Seize him, men, and we'll dispose of the pair of 'em.

TRIPPLETOPPER. But, my worthy friends, I beseech you. It was only my duty. I pray you, mercy. (*Trippletopper is seized.*)

STEVE. Bring him along, boys. A ducking in the creek will cool his ardor.

TRIPPLETOPPER. But—gentlemen! gentlemen!

STEVE. A few more steps will bring us in sight of Mr. Milton's cabin. On one of the pines near its door this wretch shall expiate his crime. (*Exeunt mob, bearing along Garcia and Trippletopper.*)

TIM. Howly mercy! It's a poor chance a mon has for his life wid the loikes of them. I'm satisfied with the moines intirely. It may be my turn nixt. The thought of it produces a strange sensation. I'll pay me bill and be off. And, be jabers, that can be soon settled; for, as no one would trust me, and I've had little to ate, the score will be aisly reckoned. But I'll comfort meself wid a song before I lave.

SONG.

Bedad, I'm in trouble; there isn't a doubt of it;
Here's robbin' and hangin' men—all in a joke.
The counthry is wild, and I'm bound to get out of it,
Along wid them chaps that they call the "dead broke."

My stomach is empty, and divil a cent have I;
No credit, nor froids that will give me a lift.
Not even a rasher, or fish, or a steak to fry;
And that's what a man may call being adrift.

Goold-saking is all very well, if yer struck wid it;
Saking—but finding none, go where ye will;
I'm fra to confiss, since I've had little luck wid it,
Of prospecting for diggings I've had quite a fill.

(*Exit Tim.*)

SCENE THREE.—*Outside the Post, in view of mining scene, with falling water. Automatic figures of ox-wagon and mule-train descending mountain, attended by Spanish drivers on foot. Miners at work with picks, shovels, tom and rocker. Indians and Chinamen in camp.*

Enter

MISSOURI BILL. (*Culling.*) Old woman. (*Enter Mrs. Grubbs.*) Is the 'rangements all made? Things a'ar lookin' a-splendid ha'ar; and the young 'uns 'll have a merry time of it.

MRS. GRUBBS. All the merrier after what has happened. It was a blessed circumstance that brought the young man along.

BILL. Git things in order, and send Jeff a-ha'ar. (*Exit Mrs. Grubbs.*) He's an honest lad, and must know it. The secret's too wal'able for one man to keep; 'ticklarly when that man's bin 'spected of Mr. Milton's murder. (*Enter Jeff.*) Jeff, I see that ye'r takin' a hankerin' arter the gal. Wa'al that's partickler pro-

per. Ef old Bill had married thar might now be some one to take ca'ar 'o him. But he's a-like that Ingin that I've hearn tell on, who was the last of his tribe. Jeff, things hev gone smoothe and prosperous with the old man lately, and that's an idee that fatches danger. When one's doin' well, thar's inemies to watch and rob him. See how it wa'ar with Mr. Milton. Ef Bill's wind should be shet suddently off, Jeff, thar's somethin' consarns his honor ye'r should remember and act out. Thar's a bottle in the corner of the topmost shelf of the cupboard in the post, and it's got papers in it that a'ar wal'able. Thar's a memorandy that consarns Mr. Milton's affairs, and one concarnin' mine, and maybe your'n also, ef ye'r do the squa'ar thing in takin' a-charge of it. Ef Bill should pipe out, the bottle's to be carried to a Mr. Quod, at 'Frisco. You'll find him by a-askin' of that young man who captured the Spanish robber. Mind, Jeff, thar's to be no examinin' of the bottle's contents—no breakin' of the cork to find out what's in it. Take it straight wha'ar it belongs, and old Bill's speret will bless ye'er. Ef ye'er fail, it 'll hant ye'er, Jeff, it 'll hant ye'er. Thar—I know it 'll be all right. Go into the post and receive the gals that a'ar a-arrivin' to 'tend the party. (*Exit Jeff.*) 'Tw'ar a hard thing to trust that a'ar secret out 'o my keepin'. But it hed to be done. And the boy's honest. He'll do right. I b'lieve it. I b'lieve it. (*Enter Uncle Charley, Errant, miners, women, etc.*) Boys and gals, I'm ra'al slap up glad to see ye'r. (*Shakes hands all round.*)

STEVE. Three cheers for Bill. (*Cheers given.*)

BILL. Thank ye'er friends. Thank ye'er all kindly. Now to enjoy yerselves. That's what I invited ye'er a-he'ar for.

ALL. A song! A song!

STEVE. Yes, a song from Mr. Errant.

ALL. A song from Mr. Errant! A song!

ERRANT. Well, though not much of a singer, I'll try and entertain you with something appropriate. (*Sings.*)

Miners' Chorus.

Gold, gold, in the days of old,
When mankind lived for glory,
It shaped the dream, and formed the theme
Of many a knightly story;
But they who hoarded never felt
The voiceless thrill of pleasure
That glows within the miner's heart
As he unearths the treasure.

(*Repeat two last lines.*)

Gold, gold, in the gravel bed,
The river bank and mountain --
That shows its gleam in the running stream
Of the canyon's deepest fountain.
We seek it where the tunnel's drift
Has pierced the hardest granite,
And from the sands, with hardened hands,
It is our joy to pan it.—(*Repeat, etc.*)

Gold, gold, to the banker's vault,
 And miser's clutch we send it;
 If they're content with their per cent.
 We're satisfied to spend it.
 Then let us live a jolly life,
 With fondness for each other,
 And offer prayers for him who shares
 His earnings with a brother.—(*Repeat, etc.*)

A Dance.—Automatic pony descends mountain on a gallop. Enter natural horse and rider with letter mail. Rider distributes letters, and exit horse and rider.

PRESTON. (*Slightly intoxicated.*) Boys, after the ball's over, there'll be a game in the post.

BILL. No thar won't.

UNCLE CHARLEY. That a'ar right, Bill. No gamin' to-night.

PRESTON. (*Approaching Uncle Charley.*) What have you got to say about it?

UNCLE CHARLEY. Perpriety's agin it, and law's with perpriety.

PRESTON. I came here for sport, and I'm bound to have it. Here's one will go with me. (*Taking hold of Maggie.*)

MAGGIE. Not much.

PRESTON. But you will, though.

BILL. Let go the gal, or I'll brain you. (*Seizes and throws Preston aside.*)

PRESTON. Now, look here, Bill; you know me, and when I start in I'm going to have my fun or a muss.

BILL. Ya'as; I know ye'er to be a quarrelsome ruffin. But I'll have none of yer capers a-ha'er.

ALL. Put him out! Put him out!

PRESTON. I'd like to know who'll attempt to put me out?

JEFF. (*Advancing.*) I will!

PRESTON. Ah! You will, will you? (*A scuffle between Preston and Jeff. Bill seizes Preston, and a struggle. Preston draws and stabs Bill who falls.*)

UNCLE CHARLEY. I command the peace. God a-mercy, Bill! A'ar you hurt?

BILL. Finished, I'm afeard. (*A rush, and cry of "hang him! Hang him!" Preston is borne off by miners.*) But the boy's safe. I've got it a-ha'er. (*Putting his hand to his breast.*) It a'ar all up with me. Whar a'ar the boy.) (*Jeff kneels over Bill.*) Jeff, a word—the bottle—persarve it—cling to it. Remember the name—Quod. Mr. Milton—ye'er know—the—rest. (*Dies.*)

MRS. GRUBBS. O, goody, goody!

ACT V.

SCENE ONE.—*Parlor in Oriental Hotel. Carlotta discovered.*
Enter Errant.

CARLOTTA. I have heard all, sir, and am resigned to my condition. The murder of my dear father makes me indeed an orphan, in a strange land—without means—friendless and forsaken.

ERRANT. Not so bad as that, Miss Milton.

CARLOTTA. Pardon me, sir; I had overlooked your kindness. I will not say friendless, with you to protect, and your good counsel to direct me. I may still rely upon you; may I not?

ERRANT. When the heart is stricken it is natural that it should misdoubt. There is no sorrow you feel I cannot appreciate and share. Let your emotions find vent in tears; and when the demands of filial affection have been fully met, arouse to a calm consideration of circumstances as you find them. You are bereaved—doubly so in the loss of those who were so near to you within so brief a period of time. But your parents were both aged, and in their departure merely anticipated by a few years the fate of our common mortality. With you it is far otherwise. Your youth is in its most favorable bloom. Look around you. The earth is bright and beautiful—its enjoyments all inviting. Be cheered. The past can never be recalled, and time will compensate for present grief. It is to the future you must look—not depending upon chance alone to direct your movements, but molding every favorable event to your advantage.

CARLOTTA. O, sir, these are exalted sentiments from a generous mind. They inspire me with a courage which I am eager to put to the test. My father could not have been without means. His letters were all encouraging. He had no enemies. His nature was too gentle for that. Murdered! That fearful word reveals the whole story. Robbery must have been the motive of the crime. His slayers, no doubt, despoiled him, and I am left a bankrupt in everything but reputation and my strong resolution.

ERRANT. California contains a big-hearted people. You shall be their ward, in a position becoming your dignity and their generosity. But, Miss Milton, there is a secret in my heart if I dared give utterance to it. And why not? No time so appropriate as the present. To retain it longer would be to do injustice to my own feelings and your condition. I love you. Say that I have offended, and my lips are sealed on this subject forever. (*Carlotta falls upon his breast.*) An inward monitor whispered I was right. The title of wife to an honorable man is at once a woman's glory and a shield to her reputation. Come dearest, my only exchequer is my honest industry. In that shall lie the assurance of our future happiness and fortune. We will encounter the great world to-

gether, and together conquer its vicissitudes, or failing, fall together. (*Exit, leading Carlotta.*)

SCENE TWO.—*A Street—Enter*

TIM O'DONNELL. 'Twas a narry escape that I had in the Page and Bacon affair. But good was in it. The Chafe of Polace took howld of me as I come out av the doore. "What are ye doin' wid thot ax?" sez he. "Sez I, it's the one I took from the spalpeen that was goin' to break in the door." "Was it thot way?" sez he. "Bedad and it was," sez I. "Then yer in a fair way for promotion on the polace," sez he. And when I come down from the mines I went to the headquarters of the politicianers and got a recommination from Mike, and that was the way of it. I was enrouled, as they call it, and now I'm one of tham reglars, supportin' the mace of office.

Enter

COATES. (*Aside.*) She shall not escape me thus! Once in possession of the papers, and she is at my mercy. It will be easy to blacken her name and discredit her testimony, should she discover their existence and make an attempt to reclaim them. But that is impossible. The deeds are all regular, and a sale of the property can readily be effected. With the proceeds I will at once get out of the country; and then, let the hounds bay as they will upon my track.

TIM. (*Aside.*) This looks loike a case that demands the interfarence of the polace. (*Aloud.*) What are ye muttering about there? The circumstance looks suspicious, and yer face affords no great security for yer honesty. Ye'd better move on.

COATES. My good man, are you acquainted with a gentleman named Quod?

TIM. Do I know him! And is there a politician—an officer on the polace, I mane—that don't know him?

COATES. Then you can direct me to his office?

TIM. I can do thot, but ye won't find him there.

COATES. Will you be good enough, my respected friend, to tell me where he can be found?

TIM. (*Aside.*) Respected friend! That comes of bein' in authority. (*Aloud.*) Be jabbers, it would be hard to do thot, for he's been gone from the city this two weeks.

COATES. (*Aside.*) Nothing could have fallen out better. The victory seems already within my grasp. (*Aloud.*) And the direction, my good sir.

TIM. Follow down the street. I'll be wid ye in a minute.

COATES. Thanks, my worthy city guardian. A trifle for your information. (*Slips money in Tim's hand, and exit.*)

TIM. Och, murther! What's this! Is it a bribe he would be afther givin' me! Here—(*making a feint to call.*) But it's not

for me he intended it. It belongs to the city Treasury, and I'll just drop it into me pocket until there's a demand for it. (*Exit.*)

Enter—Jeff, Uncle Charley and Maggie.

UNCLE CHARLEY. Them hashes at the What Cheer swells a man perdigiously. By the Lord, Jeff, I'm ten pound heavier than I wa'ar this mornin'.

JEFF. It were the dried apples and the barley in the coffee.

MAGGIE. Have you got the picture safe, Jeff?

JEFF. Yes; all right, Maggie.

UNCLE CHARLEY. The 'tectives can make good use of that.

JEFF. But there's somethin' here (*holding up bottle*) of inore importance.

UNCLE CHARLEY. A'ar ye sure we're on the right street?

JEFF. Yes; I know it. Come along.

UNCLE CHARLEY. I'm stiff in the knee-pans, and ev'ry jint has an ache. If this had bin consarnin' the affairs of any one but Mr. Milton, I'd a-seen him to the devil afore I'd a-rode a mule eighty mile across the mountains to attend to 'em. The innards of a corpus of two hundred and forty pounds is a little too much to be shuck up in that kind'er style without a recompense.

SCENE THREE.—*The Editorial office—Enter*

ERRANT. *Fortes fortuna juvat!* (*with spirit and good accent.*) I have found an angel for my house; now to procure a house for my angel. (*A rap.*) Enter.

Enter TIM. Sure, Mr. Arrant, and I'm glad to see ye.

ERRANT. You are welcome, Tim.

TIM. A gentleman at the door has business wid ye. For the matter o' that, I've somethin' to say to ye myself; but I'm in no hurry, and can wait.

ERRANT. Ah, very well. Step into the next room, Mr. O'Donnell. I'll attend to you presently. (*Exit Tim.*)

Enter

COATES. Have I the pleasure of addressing the editor?

ERRANT. Only a lieutenant, sir. The editor-in-chief is absent. Can I serve you?

COATES. A few weeks ago my father left a box in the care of Mr. Quod. He also is absent. I have directions from him to obtain it, and transmit to him certain papers which it contains.

ERRANT. (*Aside.*) There is something about this man's voice and manner that seem familiar. (*Aloud.*) It was I who became the custodian of the box. (*Writing.*) Here, Bob! (*Enter boy.*) Take this note (*folding paper*) to the publication office, and get what it calls for.

COATES. Don't go to any trouble, sir. Give me the order, (*reaching for it hastily*) and I will attend to the affair myself.

ERRANT. (*Tearing the note.*) On second thought, I will go myself. (*Exeunt Errant and boy.*)

COATES. Unfortunate conclusion! My eager hand would have clutched the paper. Can he suspect? Impossible! The disguise was too perfect. Coolness and audacity are now my only dependence. (*Takes up a newspaper.*) Here it is again. "Horrible Murder in the Mines!" Will these and similar startling capitals forever confront me? Take up a paper when or where I will, it is always the same. A curse on all newspapers and those who conduct them! Would that the torch of the incendiary were applied to every printing office in the land. A fatality seems to attend this visit. Why, otherwise, should a policeman thrust himself into my company, and have business at the same office? The enterprise depends upon a favorable conclusion only from the Fates.

(*Re-enter Errant. Coates reaches eagerly for the box.*)

ERRANT. (*Drawing it back.*) Not so. (*Calls.*) Mr. O'Donnell! (*Enter Tim.*) You may be needed as a witness here. Sir, (*turning to Coates*) as I am assuming the responsibility to act for another, it is proper an officer of the law should be present. We will open the box and examine its contents.

COATES. It is useless to occupy your time by an inspection. They are deeds to real estate in the city. Doubtless your information is to the same effect.

ERRANT. But there will be some letter of explanation. (*A rap.*) Come in. (*Enter Jeff, Uncle Charley and Maggie. Errant shakes hands all round.*) Ah, my mountain friends; delighted to see you. Be seated. (*Offering chairs.*) And now, (*turning to Coates*) we will explore the mysteries of the box.

COATES. Well, sir; proceed, if you will have it so.

ERRANT. (*Opening box.*) Here are valuable deeds, as you have stated, sir.

JEFF. (*Who has been eyeing Coates closely, to Uncle Charley,*) Why, that's the other covey who slept in the post the night of the murder.

ERRANT. (*Continuing his examination.*) And here is a note of instructions, with a postscript that reads: "Deliver the papers to my wife, or, in her absence, to Carlotta, my only child." And it is signed—great Heavens!—"ROBERT MILTON!"

JEFF. (*Handing Errant a picture.*) And that's one of the chaps that killed him!

ERRANT. Robert Milton, Carlotta's father! And this villain, (*Coates makes a movement towards Errant, but is seized by Tim,*) whose hands are imbrued in his blood, would also ruin and rob his daughter. Was ever infamy so profound!

COATES. The accusation of that base hound is false! I know nothing of the killing he speaks of. I demand the deeds! They are mine by right of justice and law

ERRANT. Law you shall have to your heart's content. This picture corroborates the accusation. I am acquainted with the boy, and the circumstances under which he obtained it. The resemblance is exact.

UNCLE CHARLEY. This orter have 'curred in my jurisdiction. Them legs would 'er dangled beautifully among the pine shadders.

COATES. Again I say, deliver me the deeds. This is a trick to deprive me of my rights. There is no woman in the case. (*Enter Dr. Amherst, leading Carlotta.*) The Carlotta mentioned is a myth, and if any woman passes herself off by that name, she is an imposter;

ERRANT. Behold the woman, and ask her to deny her identity!

COATES. Foiled! and the game is up! But your jails shall never hold me, nor your courts try me! My life has been desperate, and so shall be my end! (*Stabs himself, is caught and borne off by Tim.*)

JEFF. May it please you, sir, there's somethin' to come yet. Missouri Bill left this bottle, which I were to deliver into the hands of the edditer hisself; but as you are actin' for him, I s'pose it's all the same.

ERRANT. (*Uncorking the bottle, and emptying out papers.*) This paper describes where thirty thousand dollars in gold dust, that belonged to Mr. Milton, lie buried. And what is this? (*Unfolding a scrap of soiled paper.*) "Jeff air my a'ar." Signed, "MISSOURER BILL."

UNCLE CHARLEY. It means that the boy's to inherit the post.

JEFF. There's another thing I were to tell you. Missouri Bill owed Mr. Milton six thousand dollars, and its to be charged agin his estate.

DR. AMHERST. This seems day of discovery as well as of retribution. Let me also add a chapter to Miss Carlotta's good fortune. Her father, when last in the city, entrusted me with a commission, which I have discharged. A furnished mansion awaits her, when she chooses to occupy it, with the title of ownership secured, and a balance standing to her credit in the bank.

CARLOTTA. O, if this news brings joy to my soul, it is because there is now one to share my good fortune, more dear to me than the fortune itself.

ERRANT. (*Taking Carlotta by hand, and all to front.*) A sky that is overcast may still have golden gleamings. In thy case, Carlotta, the storm is past, and the day breaks with transcendant glory.

THE END.

C O S T U M E S .

ERRANT.—Black coat, silk hat and white vest, in office and parlor scenes. Cap, boots outside of pants, and sack coat in mines.

MISSOURI BILL.—Slouch hat, soiled red flannel shirt, buckskin coat and pants.

COATES.—With cloak, well dressed otherwise, and when disguised, with mustache and black whiskers.

MANUEL GARCIA.—Broad-brimmed hat with wide band ; short blue jacket with brass buttons ; red sash as girdle ; blue cloth pants fringed down legs ; with large Mexican spurs ; handle of knife visible on left hip or in right boot-leg.

UNCLE CHARLEY.—Large as Falstaff, with ordinary dress.

MR. MILTON.—A venerable man ; long gray beard ; well dressed in black.

JEFF.—Check shirt, with narrow ribbon for cravat ; pants, but no vest ; bare-headed, except in moonlight scene with Maggie.

TRIPPLETOPPER.—Black coat with long skirts ; red nose ; spectacles ; white hat.

DR. AMHERST.—A dignified gentleman, respectably dressed in black.

TIM O'DONNELL.—Seedy until promoted on police ; then cap with suit of gray.

MIKE.—A short sack coat with side pockets ; hat, broad-brimmed ; carries whip.

MR. JONES.—A suit of black.

STEVE RIPPLES.—A buckskin shirt without collar or cravat ; also buckskin pants ; bare-headed.

MINERS.—In dingy check ~~cravat and~~















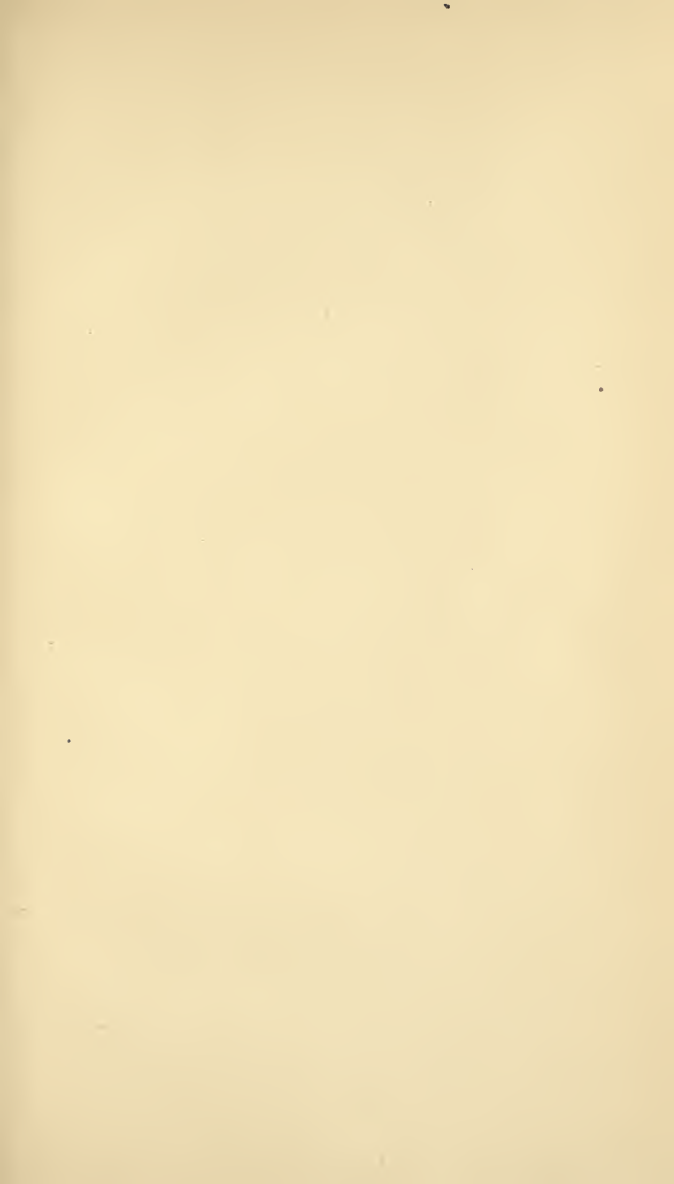




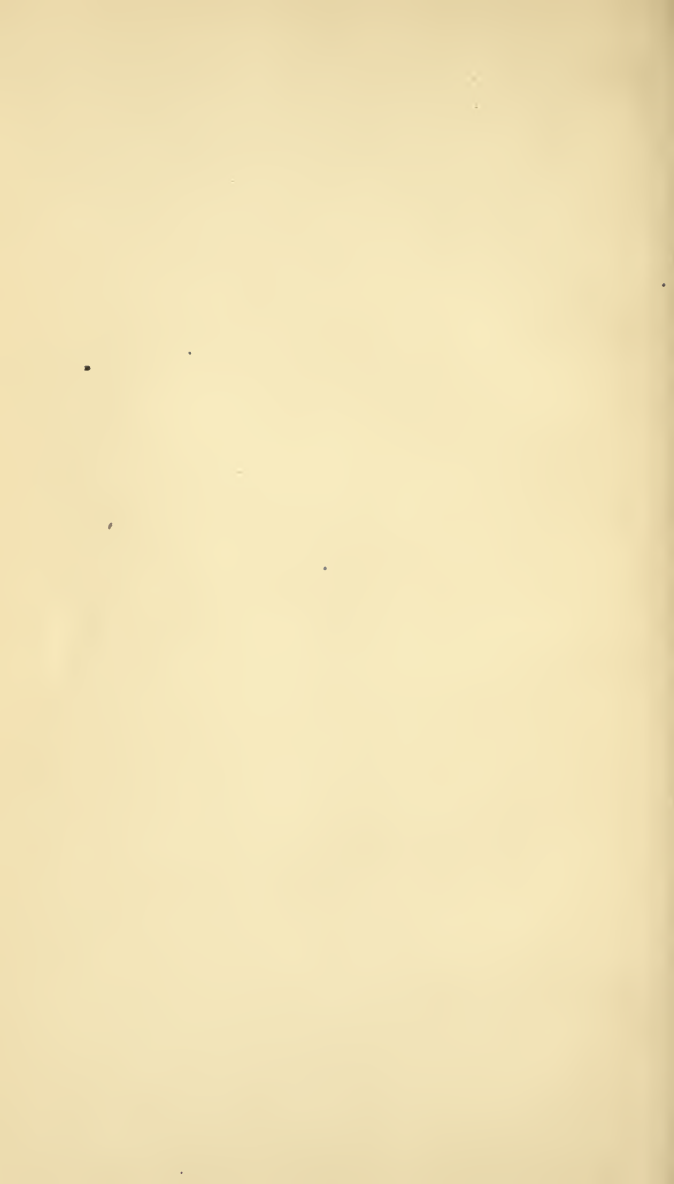








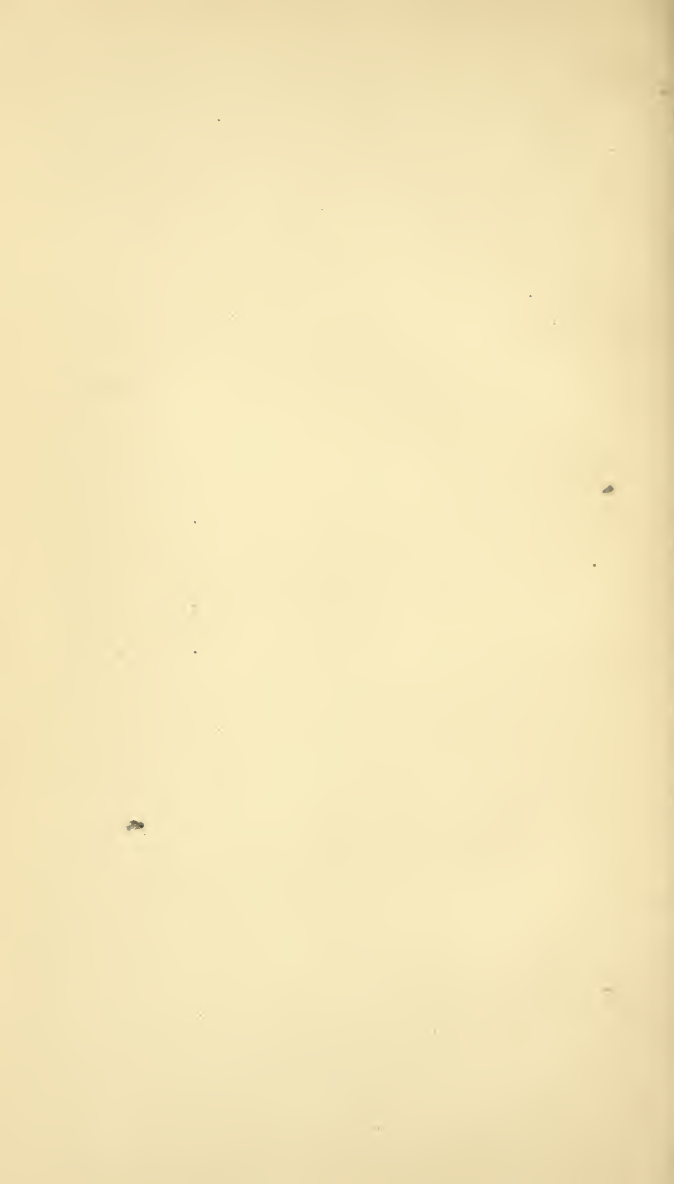








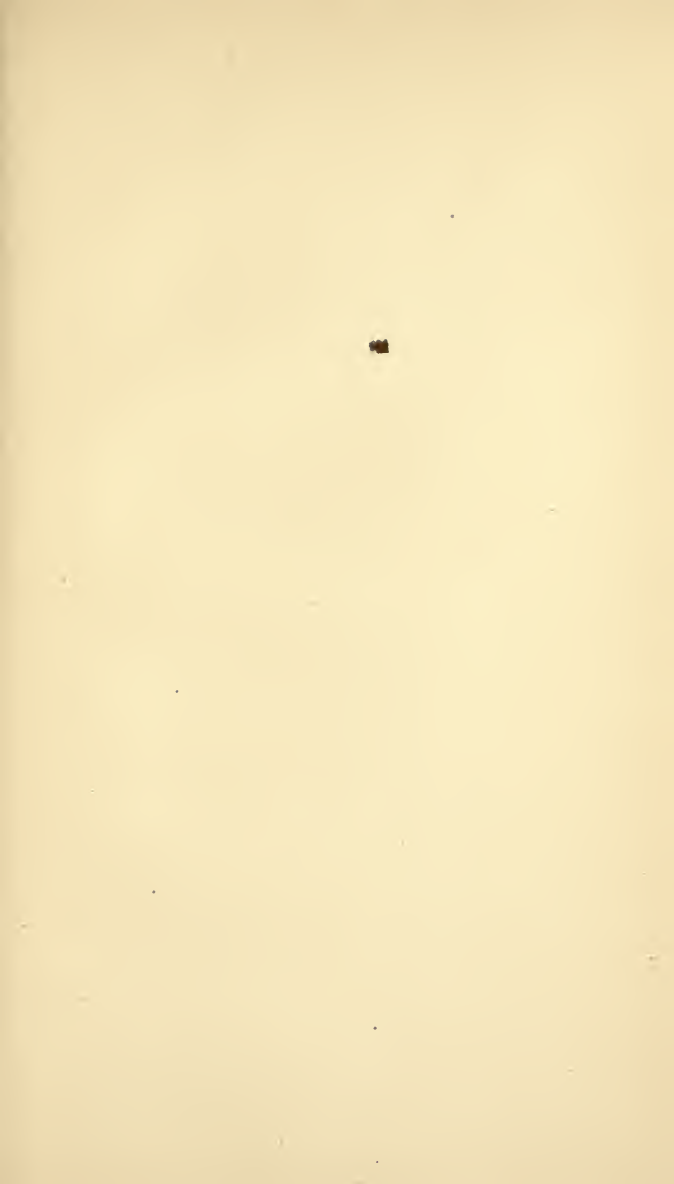




































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